7.

THE TRUMPET OF LIBERTY.

by M. Morgan

Sung at the Crown and Anchor, Nov. 5, 1796.

THE Trumpet of LIBERTY ſounds through the world,
And the Univerſe ſtarts at the ſound;
Her Standard PHILOSOPHY's hand has unfurl'd,
And the Nations are thronging around.

CHORUS—Fall, Tyrants! fall! fall! fall!
Theſe are the days of Liberty!
Fall, Tyrants! fall!

How noble the ardour that ſeizes the ſoul!
How it burſts from the yoke and the chain!
What pow'r can the fervour of FREEDOM controul,
Or its terrible vengeance reſtrain!
Fall, Tyrants! fall! &c.

Proud caſtles of Deſpotiſm, your dungeons and cells,
The tempeſt ſhall ſweep you away;
From the Weſt to the Eaſt the dread hurricane ſwells,
And the Tyrants are chill'd with diſmay.
Fall, Tyrants! fall! &c.

The ſlave on whoſe neck the proud Deſpot has trod,
Now feels that himſelf is a man;
While the lordly Uſurper who rul'd with a nod,
Hides his head midſt his ſervile Divan.
Fall, Tyrants! fall, &c.

Poor vaſſals, who crawl by the Viſtula's ſtream,
Hear! hear the glad call, and obey!
Riſe, Nations! who worſhip the Sun's ſacred beam,
And drive your Pizarros away!
Fall, Tyrants! fall! &c.

The cruel dominion of Prieſtcraft is o'er,
Its thunders, its faggots, and chains;
Mankind will endure the vile bondage no more,
While Religion our Freedom maintains.
Fall, Tyrants! fall! &c.

Shall BRITAIN the chorus of LIBERTY hear,
With a cold and inſenſible mind?
No—the triumphs of FREEDOM each Briton ſhall ſhare,
And contend for the RIGHTS of MANKIND.

CHORUS—Fall, Tyrants! fall! fall! fall!
Theſe are the days of Liberty!
Fall, Tyrants! fall!